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Knives and forks, Spoons, butcher and Shoe
Knives, and a variety of other articles in that line.
GROCERIES. Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses and Salt, Allspice, Pepper, Ginger, Nutmegs, Rice, Saleratus, Camphor and Cloves, together

Glassware. We also have on hand a general assortment o Iron, Steel, Nails and Castings, all of which will be sold at the lowest possible prices to our custo-mers, or exchanged for the following kinds of produce: Hemp, Wheat, Bacon, Linen, Flaxseed, Beeswax, Feathers, &c.

April 17th, 1842 April 17th, 1847.

with a general assortment of Queens, China and

LATEST YET.

## SWITZLER & SMITH,

HAVING just received their Spring supply of Goods, respectfully invite the attention of the public to an ample supply of very desirable Goods, including Goods, including

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS HARD WARE, CHINA & GLASS WARE, BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND BONNETS, CASTINGS,

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Forming on the whole a very full and general supply, the whole of which are for sale at as low prices as by any house in the county, for cash or on our usual terms to punctual customers.

SWITZLER & SMITH. Fayette, April 24th, 1847.

Fresh Groceries.

W E are now receiving, and offer for sale, 30 hhds. prime N. O. Sugar, 60 Sacks " coffee, 40 boxes M. R. raisins, 1 tierce Rice, 40 Kegs Juniata nails, 10 Tons assorted iron. 3000 pds. spun cotton, 20 barrels sugar house molasses 3000 pds. No. 1 Loar Sugar, 5 barrels Linseed oil, 100 kegs white Lead, 5 barrels pure Tanner's oil, 3 "Lamp-black, 400 sacks coarse salt,

100 " fine "
150 bbls. Kanhawa" Together with a full stock of castings, Glassware. Window Glass, Brooms, Hames, Black-smiths' Bellows', Saleratus. Elyptic springs, &c.
HUGHES, BIRCH & WARD.

Fayette, May 1st, 1847.

Family Groceries. Loaf and brown Sugars, Crushed do. Coffee, Spices, Chocolate, Mustard Coffee, Spices, Chocolate, Australia
Ground Pepper, Vinegar.
N. O. and Sugar house Molasses,
Mackeral, Vinegar, Tar,
Dye Stuffs, (of all kinds)
Very fine fresh Teas,
Star and Tallow Candles, &c., &c., for sale
SWITZLER & SMITH.

Fayette, April 24th, 1847. CRANEOMETER.—Heads of all shapes and sizes fitted with beautiful hats, by
S. NOURSE, No. 68 Main Street.

St. Louis, June 24th, 1847. ERFUMERY--I have received a large suppl of Perfumery, consisting of Cologne Water, smetics, Fancy Soaps, Oils, &c., which will be devery low.

WM. R. SNELSON. Fayette, March 27th, 1847.

## BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."-JEFFERSON.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1847.

From the St. Louis Organ. STANZAS-TO MY MOTHER.

Vol. 8.

BY MES. S. E. ALDEN. There's music in a mother's voice, There's love's soft gentle tone, Which thrills the heart with ecstacy, And bids its homage own. 'Tis the first music that we hear, The first that greets our welcome ear.

There's music in a mother's sigh, There's sorrow, grief and woe, That fills the soul with silent fear, While tears unbidden flow. 'Tis the first lesson to us given, That earth, tho' fair, is not like Heaven.

There's music in a mother's joy, There's friendship, hope and love, It sheds deep pleasure round her home, 'Tis bright like that above, And to the youthful heart it seems, An extract pure from heavenly streams.

There's music in a mother's love. There's melody so sweet, That all the passions of the soul, In harmony do meet; Its balmy sounds allay our fears, Like angel's notes of you bright spheres.

And when that voice is hushed in death, Its echoes may I hear, As gently o'er my trembling heart, They vibrate soft and clear; Its music then will cheer and bless Guiding to endless happiness.

READING THE WILL. A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A PORTUNE-HUNTER.

This evening I received a note from my affianced bride, Constance Graham, requesting me to attend at 2 o'clock that day at the house of her late uncle in Harleystreet, for the purpose of hearing his will read. I had the greatest pleasure in complying with this invitation. I had really begun to fancy that old Mr. Graham was going to remain perpetually on the earth; like Mrs Norton's "Undying One;" he was always on the point of death, and always cured, and better than ever in the course of a few days; last month the cold water system seemed to completely renovate him, is the prettiest and most amiable girl of my acquaintance, I had determined never to frequently proclaimed her his heiress, but as frequently took offence at something or at nothing in her behavior, and bequeathed his wealth to a hospital, prison, or lunatic asylum. I felt quite easy on the present occasion, for Mrs. Bates, Mr. Graham's house-keeper, had given me information that, only an hour before her master's death, he told her he had handsomely provided for Constance. I felt, however, that it was my policy to appear ignorant of that circumstance, Constance being very romantic, and Constance's mother very suspi-

At the appointed time I walked into the drawing-room in Harley-street; the very few relatives of the old gentleman were assembled. There was Constance, looking as Hebe might have looked if Hebe had ever worn crape and bombazine; Constance's mother, looking stiff, cross, and uneasy; an elderly female cousin, and a stripling nephew of the deceased. I feared none of them. I knew that Mr. Graham disliked his fine lady sister-in-law, despised the servility of his elderly cousin, and dreaded the frolics of his stripling nephew. I seated myself by Constance, and in a soft tone began to protest my affection and disinterestedness. "Knowing the caprice of your uncle, my beloved." I said, "I have every reason to conclude that I shall hear you are disinherited; this, however, will be of little moment to me; I have enough for comfort, though not for luxury, and, as the song beautifully says-

'Still fixed in my heart be it never forgot That the wealth of the cottage is love.'

"I fancy Mr. Chilton," said Constance's mother, looking excessively sneering and shrewish, "that it is pretty well known that my daughter is the sole heiress of her uncle's wealth."

"Indeed, madam!" I replied, with a start of surprise, "I was not aware that any surmise was hazarded concerning the contents of Mr. Graham's will.

"I have heard a surmise hazard," sharply interposed the elderly cousin, "that Mr Graham was not in his senses when he made

"The mind must be both base and weak," retorted Constance's mother, "which could give credence to such a rumor." And forthwith a sparring dialogue took place between the two ladies, during which I whispered to Constance a page of Moore's poetry done

into prose. Temple now entered the room, the solicitor and intimate friend of the late Mr. Graham; he was a handsome young man, and had presumed at one time to lift his eyes to Constance; he opened the will, and we all became mutely attentive! Oh, what a disappointment awaited us! Three thousand pounds were bequeathed to Constance, (this was the old fellow's idea of a handsome provision!) Five hundred pounds to the elderly cousin, ditto to the stripling nephew, small legacies to the servants, and the remainder of his wealth to found a cold water establishment for the reception of those who were not rich enough to pay a gratuity for being half drowned. Temple

read the names of the attesting witnesses.

and then refreshed himself with sherry and biscuts. As he was a friend of the family, his presence was no restraint on conversa-

"That will ought to be disputed," said Constance's mother, looking very red; "I do not believe Mr. Graham was in his sen-

ses when he made it.' "I thought," said the elderly cousin with

to me-- I affected not to see it.

"My dear Miss Graham," I said, "do not believe me so cruel and so selfish as to wish to plunge you into poverty."

"I thought you said that your income was

convinced that he had received no benefit great great great grand dams.

by so doing, I trust that it was perfectly one to discover. legal to refresh myself with a glass of sherry before I read the codicil."

"Good morning, Mr. Chilton!" in a tone for the great fall Sweep-stakes. But Pete of voice which left me no alternative but was bound to have the horse, if it cost him all to echo her leave-taking, and I descended the money and horses he could raise. Two marry her while her uncle lived; he had of a fortune: "Never believe that a will is enuff to dam all the horse flesh in Christen- to one for their notes to any amount. concluded till you have inquired whether dom. He was so completely tuck up with there is any codicil to it"

SMILES.

A smile upon some kindred face, When human hearts with grief are bowed,

As dews that sleep on fainting flowers.

Is like the golden rays that chase The darkness from the summer cloud. It lifts, and thrills, and brings a cheer To gild with 'oy the saddest hours, And sparkles on the soul as clear

Value of Newspapers.—In this age of universal reading, a newspaper is as essential to man's comfort as any other necessary, mental or physical. The poorest sov- with that creeter, Doctor?" ses Mr. Montereign in America is better off than the richest of the Roman emperors. who know nothing of newspapers. Dr. Aubuthnot very wittily says that Augustus Cæsar, with all his greatness and richness, had neither glass to his windows nor a shirt to his back; but it is queestionable if his lack of light and linen was half so great an evil as that involved in the absence of newspapers from the imperial breakfast table. Julius Cæsar. with a copy of a daily newspaper, would have made a much greater stir in the world, and what is more would have known while iving the extent of the fame that he had ac-

osterity .- Phila. Ledger. Mexicans Playing the Possum .- A writer from Vera Cruz relates the following anec-

quired, and what amount would descend to

When we entered Alvarado, they wished to keep one room secret from us-one in which all the correspondence and public papers were found secreted. In that room they had laid out a pretended corpse on the table, and asserted the man was dead .-Maj. B. wanted the comfort of the quarters. and ordered the door to be forced in, and though dark examined the corpse. He ordered the sergeant to take it off and bury it -this order induced the dead man to break out and run with all his might, to the amusement of the spectators.

wife. The chief of the band with which he in the newspapers when I was a boyis, at the end of this time, comes to him with young and handsome squaw, whom he must espouse and protect according to their customs, or leave their country immediatey .- Prairie du Chien Patriot.

The passion of love is said to excite inflamatory fevers, hysterics, and madness.

We never knew persons disposed to corn the humble, who were not themselves fit objects of scorn to the poorest.

CURIOSITY .- A lady in Providence, R. I. has satisfied her curiosity, in the discovery that there are 3,825 seeds in a fig.

"There is one kind of tea," said a sergeant to his captain after calling the roll, that ought to be heavily taxed, and that is

From the Baltimore Western Continent. COUSIN PETE'S HORSE RACE.

BY MAJOR JONES, OF PINEVILLE, GA.

I don't believe there ever was such an everlastin fool about horses as Cousin Pete. You know ther's some people who don't know anything else but horse-knowledge. a sneer, "that the mind must be both base and don't know any other kind of history and weak which could give credence to such a surmise."

Know anything cise but horse but horse bit horse history. Well, that's the way with Cousin Pete. Unkle Josh sent him go you a few bits that I can beat it with ary "Dear mamma!" said Constance, "do not down to Augusty to the Doctor Factry be discomposed; I am very well contented what they've got thar—and which may be Bob.

—I shall not be a portionless bride." Con-sed to be the beginning of domestic manustance here held out her delicate white hand factures in Georgy—to try to make a doctor of him. But it was all no use. When he cum back, the only kind of anatomy he "that ther aint no piece of horse flesh in knowed anything about was to tell the the county that can beat my horse, and if good pints in a horse, and his fisiology only any of you want to try it, thar's a chance enabled him to tell one horse from another for you," ses he.
thout knowin ther names. He was a mon- "Why, Doctor," ses Tom Stallins, "I can sufficient for every comfort," remarked the thout knowin ther names. He was a monstrous site nearer a horse doctor than a beat that thing of your'n myself." I did not condescend to answer him, but medical doctor, and understood curin the continued: "No, Constance, though it breaks distemper, the bots, and such horse ailments, mad as he was. "Well that's the best yet." my heart to do so, I give you back your a great deal better than he did prescribin freedom, saying, in the pathetic words of for the fever 'n ager. He never red no race for your old mule in the blanket thar, Haynes Bayley, "May your lot in life be other book but the "Turf Register," and and I've offered you a chance. If you is happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me!" I din't take no other paper but the "Spirit of a mind to back out you kin do so." was just making for the door, leaving Con- the Times;" and when he went to see the stance looking more like Niobe than Hebe, galls, all he had to talk about was horses, back out."
when Temple said, "I think the party had and if he could git 'em to listen to him, he "Take home your horse, Sau!, and save better remain till I have read the codicil." | would give 'em the peddygrees of all the his feelins," ses Bob Moreland.

I reseated myself in amaze, and Temgreat race-horses in the country, from their "Well, gentlemen," ses Pete, "if you want ple forthwith read that the testator, being dams clear back to ther everlastin great to make a race, I'm your man, and I'll bet

same to his beloved niece, Constance Gra- then he was tradin one of 'em off for a let's see who'll back out." am.

blood racer to some Yankee pedlar or other. "Nuff sed," ses Tom Stallins; "I takes
"Constance! dear Constance!" I exwhen he never missed gettin cheated all that banter myself. Now, skin your critter claimed, in the softest of tones. But Con- to pieces. Unkle Josh used to raise a muss and prance him up here, if you want to like twenty-four hours, in order that the stance looked neither like Hebe nor Niobe, about his horse trades some times, but Pete | see him beat to all creation." but as stern and severe as Media. I then attacked Temple. "Is it legal," I said, "only to read part of a will?"

was termined to have a crack nag, as he "But," see Pete, takin out his pocket book. This is particularly true of sheep or horned "you must remember, gentlemen, I don't cattle, or in fact any animal that ruminates through town was certain to get a banter run my horse for nothing. How much is as such animals retain their food longer only to read part of a will?"

through town was certain to get a banter run my horse for nothing. How much is as such animals retain their food longer than others. plied, "and, having greatly fatigued myself about him, which Pete was always the fust

One day, shure enough, he jumped up a real Eclipse, a regular crack nag. The man the more interestin to me." I was going to utter some further re-marks, when Constance's mother said, want to part with him, as he was entered the stairs, pursued by a smothering laugh of Unkle Josh's best horses, and three hunhis bargain, that he did'nt talk of nothin fixed, "the understandin is 'play or pay." else but his thorough-bred crack neg for more'n a month, and two or three times a day old Saul had to carry it all round town to exercise it. Pete had two or three of Aunt Mahaly's best blankets and sheets cut up to make professional garments for his racer, and you may depend it cut a swell bout Pineville, kivered all over up to the very ears, and its eyes lookin out through two holes bound round with red flannel.

Every body was quizin him about his racer; but he did'nt care much what most start. of 'em said, cause he know'd they wasn's no judge of horses.

"What upon yeath is you gwine to do gomery to Pete one day.

all Georgy-a real genewine Eclipse, by a hundred yards yerself?" Timolem colt, whose dam was a-"Well, well," ses the old gentleman, "what

of all that. What's the animal good for, Doctor-that's the question?" "Why, he's-I can tell you-He can

beat any horse in Georgy." "At what?" ses Mr. Montgomery. "Runnin mile heats," ses Pete. "Well, what's heats good for?" ses the Pete.

"Why," ses Pete," to show the blood of

the horse. "Well, what's the good of his blood, he aint good for nothin but to run heats?"

Montgomery, I see you don't know much while the boys was measurin off the dis- apply any offensive substance to the body bout horses. Spose, now, I was to have a tance and Tom was fixin for the race. patient three miles off, what was gwine to dy if I didn't get to him in ten minutes-

ther would be worth much to a man in that lins-who was whickerin and rearin, and situation," ses Mr. Mountgomery, "One pitchin and cavortin about, with a red detect. In July the grub goes into the would do him bout as much good as tother, hankercher tied round his waist, worse nor chrysalis state, enveloped in a reddish root if you fool away so much of your time any two year old, up to the judges stand, of the tree. with horses. This keepin of race horses is to hear Judge Moreland's charge about the A singular custom prevailes among the than it is improvin to the blood of horses; on tother side, and the fust one back to the among the trees as if they were a great Sioux Indians. Whenever a white man and whenever I see a young man gettin mark tuck the money. has resided among them for the space of a sich foolish notions in his hed. I can't help month, he is required to take unto himself a but think of the piece of poetry what I red

"John ran so long and ran so fast No wonder he ran out at last: He ran in debt, and then to pay, He distanced all and ran away.

"If you'll take my advice, you'll-But Pete was so oudacious mad that he did'nt stop to hear him out. Away he went a lot of the boys lookin at his racer, what Saul was leadin about in its blanket.

"Do you call that a race horse?" ses Bob Moreland. "A genewine Eclipse," ses Cousin Pete "jest a little bit ahead of any thing in

hese parts."

"It looks to me like it haint had a good feed of corn in a month," ses another. "I wouldn't give my mule Blaze not for

No. 23.

two sich," ses Billy Wilder.
"I'll bet old Ball can run it out of a ten acre lot," ses Bob Moreland. "It aint no racer.'

"Maybe you'd like to bet something," see cousin Pete, lookin as wise as if he was

critter standin at that rack yonder," ses

By this time Cousin Pete begun to gi monstrous hot.

"I'll bet you five hundred dollars," ses he,

"Ha! ha!" ses Pete, tryin his best to laff, "Well," ses Tom, "you was bantern for a

"Oh, yes," ses all of 'em, "it's a clear

you what you please, from five dollars up. He always had two or three of Unkle agin any thing you can bring, any distance, and clearness of the finest spring water .-from the cold water system, revoked and He always had two or three of Unkle agin any thing you can bring, any distance, and clearness of the finest spring water.—
rescinded his legacy to it, bequeathing the Josh's horses in trainin, and evry now and any time, any way, and any whar. Now A pail full, containing four gallons, may be

"Oh, jest something to make it interest-in," ses Tom.

"Stand up to him, Tom," ses Bob Moreland, "I'll back you." "Yes," ses all of 'em, "we'll back you agin

the Doctor's pocket book, if that'll make it difference of opinion as to the best time to interestin to him."

tune in my diary, deducing this valuable was the owner of a racer, a crack nag— yeath. He covered all the money the par- looked finely until harvest; after which it piece of advice to a gentleman in search a real Eclipse, with a string of dams long ty could raise, and wanted to bet 'em two begun to wilt, and finally died—the change, "Now." ses Pete, after the purse was all

"To be sure," says all of 'em. "Half forfeit?"

"Yes," ses the fellers.

"Rite now," ses Tom. "Whar?"

"Here, rite on this very grit !"

"What distance?" "Five hundred yards-two hundred and fifty yards and back to the place where we

"Very well," ses Pete. "Now whar's your crittur?"

"Here!" says Tom, pullin off his coat.

Pete was completely tuck back. "Why, Tom stallins," says he. "is

hoss," ses Tom

"What! you run agin-"Yes, me! and if you want to make it a

leetle more interestin, I'll go you a pair of boots that I beat your crack nag fifty yards one foot high, letting the lower ends run in the five hundred."

"But I'm not joking about this race," says "Nor me neither," ses Tom, "and if you are gwine to back out, fork up the forfeit." sense and seein there was no way to con- frosts, as after that period there is no dan-

the road, two hundred and fifty yards from where the fly deposits its eggs. wouldn't my horse be worth something the place whar they was to start, and in a the parent of this grub is not unlike the few minutes Pete was mounted on his black wasp, with steel blue wings, and a "Indeed, I don't think it or its master ei- horse, and Billy Wilder brung Tom Stall yellow ring around its abdomen. Its habits a monstrous poor business, Dr. Jones. It's rules of the race. They wur to start on more degeneratin to the character of men the word go, run to the post, pass round it of some heed crop. Manure and work

> After a good deal of botherment they got ready to start-Bob Moreland gin the word Go! and away they went--the felers all shoutin and hurrayin like the very nutriment and moisture of the soil. old Harry had broke loose.

The fool of a horse was so scared that he made two or three jumps before he made children, is like a forest without birds, a up his mind which way he was gwyne; and by the time he got fairly under way. Tom without a congregation. was more than half way to the stake .down to Mr. Harley's store, whar ther was Tom grabbed the stake with one hand, swung round it thout stoppin, while the horse dashed past it as fast as he could tare, and fore Pete could stop him and git turned round, Tom was half way back agin. Pete put on the whip like his life was at stake; but it was all no use. Tom jumped over "Well, I can tell you what, Doctor, I his groom had him by the collar, and was order to get on well in this world, it is well

that he cum monstrous near never bein able to stop bim at all.

Away went Pete, rite through the crowd jerkin and pullin at the rains, and rippin and cussin like a mad man. Way he went, rite into Squire Roger's lot, down round the house, through the horse lot, and into the old, as hard as he could tare, with a whole gang of dogs after him, settin the ducks and geese a floppin and flyin and squeakin, and chickins a cacklin in every direction, while the fellers shouted and yelled louder than ever, altogether makin racket enuff to skeer the best behaved horse in the world out of his senses; and the fust thing Pete know'd he was landed slap into the worst kind of a mud hole, with his trousers busted all to flinders, and his face all peeled like he'd been dragged through a brush fence by the heels.

The way Pete was mad, was perfectly 'larming to the little niggers, and sich another crowin as the boys did set up was never heard in Pineville. Tom offered to make it more interestin and run him agin, but Pete sed he was perfectly disgusted, and cussed himself all to pieces for degradin a three mile horse in such a race!

After that, nobody ever seed Pete's crack nag takin its airins about town in its blankets. What ever bekum of it nobody knows: but I know Pete never had nothin more to say about blooded horses or horse racin, specially when Tom Stallins was in the crowd. Uncle Josh ses that horse race was one of the best thing that ever happened to him.

## HORTICULTURAL.

Water may be Purified, by sprinkling a table spoon full of pulverized alum into a hogshead of water, stirring it at the samo time. After the lapse of a few hours, the impure articles will be precipitated to the bottom, and the water so purified as to be found to possess nearly all the freshness purified by a single tea spoon full.

Before Slaughtering Animals, they should be allowed to fast for something stomach and bowels may become empty .--

The Prairie Farmer adds, that the meat of an animal butchered while the stomach "Well," ses Pete, "the larger the amount is full, is much more liable to putrify in warm weather than that killed in proper condition, hence this rule is specially to be regarded at this season of the year.

Sowing Grass Seeds .- There is much do this. A correspondent of the Prairie Pete was so riled to think that the fellers Farmer recommends the latter part of but he suddenly relapsed, departed from the party in the drawing-room, rethe world, and left fifty thousand pounds
and a will behind him. Though Constance tered my adventure or rather my misfor
The was so rised to think that the fellers farmer recommends the latter part of would dare to question his judgment about turned home in very low spirits, and ennotch, and Pete closed the bargain. The
the was so rised to think that the fellers farmer recommends the latter part of would dare to question his judgment about turned home in very low spirits, and ennotch, and Pete closed the bargain. The
the was so rised to think that the fellers farmer recommends the latter part of
would dare to question his judgment about thirty-five acres, a part in February and the
everything he had upon the face of the other in March. The seed caught well and from the protection of the wheat, to sudden and entire exposure to the sun, being too much for it. He recommends the last of August or the first of September. About the 20th of August, 1845, he sowed a border around the field that was seeded in "Well, now, when is the race to come March. He gave the ground a thorough harrowing, put on the seed, and then rolled it. He got a good crop of grass from it last year, and tried the same plan on two different pieces last year, and with a common season thinks he shall get a good crop. He has as yet confined himself to timothy;

but intends to try clover this winter.

To kill the Peach Grub, a writer in the Genessee Farmer recommends the follow-

1. In the spring examine the roots thoroughly, as long as they exude red gum, containing the exuviæ of the grub. Draw "Why, Mr. Montgomery," ses Pete, foolin, or is you lost yer senses? You with the hoe, a mound of earth about six that's one of the finest blooded horses in don't think of tryin to beat my horse five inches high around the body of the tree, and not remove it till the first frosts, and "Well, I don't mean to do nothin else, then examine; if there are any grubs they will be so high up that they are easily dis-

covered and killed. 2. Draw away as before and appply around a quantity of straight straw, about out a few inches on the ground, to cover with earth, and bind with a straw or other band in two places.

3. Bind on a sheet of straw, paste board or binders' boards, and if tarred, all the Pete was satisfied Tom had no better better. In all cases clean the tree the first vince him but to run, he told Saul to take ger of the fly simpregnating the tree, being "A heap!" ses Pete. "The fact is, Mr. off the blanket, and bring the horse to him, past its season. It is of no use to tar or of the tree, for as it grows and expands. A stake was draw down in the middle of the bark cracks and exposes the tender part.

are very sly and active, and not easy to

To manure and improve a peach orchard already set out, put it under the operation corn hill, and so keep doing till it is in a a thrifty state, when it may lay awhile in grass, but not to clover; their long tap roots get rather more than their share of the

Major Noah says that "a house without river without sailing craft, or a church

There are several newspapers and periodicals in this country, under the editorial charge of ladies, and since the explosive nature of cotton has been demonstrated, it may be truly said every lady controls a magazine.

The greatest discovery of the present the line with a loud neigh of triumph, and day is that of the Editor who says that in think you is most bominably tuck in in that rubbin him down fore Pete got near the critter, if you bought him for a racer," see mark; but by this time he had got his in his hand, silver in his tongue, and bruss one.